

# KILL IMAGE





# Epitaphs...

Hart Fisher  
Writer/Cover  
Joe Duncan  
Penciler  
Grunt and  
Jerry Folley  
Inks  
Damon Threet  
Art Director

Hey kiddies, welcome to my parlor. I've set aside some treats for you and your little friends. Come in, take a bite... yes, that's it. Just a little closer.

Gotcha, you greasy little fanboy motherfucker!

Ha, Ha Heyeahhahahah! Welcome to the funhouse where the giggling sounds like breaking glass.

I've been reading about the Holy Trinity of Image for over a year now and I'm sick of it. Here's the goods as I see 'em: Jim is a talented artist that's sold out his talent, he's a pandering whore. Todd is a super hero artist who's doing what he does best, drawing super heroes. So what if he's an illiterate schmuck, he's the first to admit it. Rob can suck a rock out of my ass. I don't know how this no talent putz got anywhere, **who'd he blow?**

This book has been called "Hateful and devoid of all humor." People have risen to the defense of the holy Todd because he's really, really nice. Todd your legion of fanboys love you. No one, I mean no one, has raised a finger about Rob's depiction. They love it.

Why do a Kill Image book at all ? Isn't already being done to death? Are you just another follower? I love spoofs. I grew up on Mad magazine, Everyone who has gone after Image has done it without any real gusto. they were after the safe buck. The spoof books I've seen were weak, they were afraid to go for the jugular like a good satire should. Take no prisoners.

So if you're some simpering pasny sniffing about the harsh thrashing his/her heroes have taken, grow the hell up. This is just a comic boook. If someone did a character assassination book called "Kill Hart Fisher" I wouldn't get all bent out of shape about it, I'd probably dig it.

Who am I kidding, I'd love it.

Hart D. Fisher

Renegade Publisher.

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WHATTA YOU MEAN COMIC SHOPS HAVE BEEN PUTTING  
PRESSURE ON YOU TO TRIM DOWN THE NUMBER OF BOOKS YOU  
OFFER? I IF THEY DON'T WANT TO BUY IT, THEY DON'T  
BUY IT? I'M NOT  
YELLING... IMAGE?...  
WHAT DO THOSE  
**SPANDEX**  
**FETISHISTS**  
HAVE TO DO WITH  
ANYTHING?  
UH, HUH.



...YOU'VE GOTTA BE  
KIDDING. MARBLE COMICS  
IS GOING TO ADD **SEV-  
ENTY** NEW TITLES TO  
IT'S UNIVERSE TO WIPE  
OUT THE COMPETITION,  
MAINLY IMAGE.

...DOOMED IN THE LONG  
RUN SAVING ME THE PAIN  
OF A LONG, DRAWN OUT  
DEATH? LISTEN ASSHOLE,  
I'M NOT IN THIS TO MAKE  
MILLIONS, I WANT PEOPLE TO  
ACTUALLY **READ** MY  
BOOKS...



SUNUVABITCH!

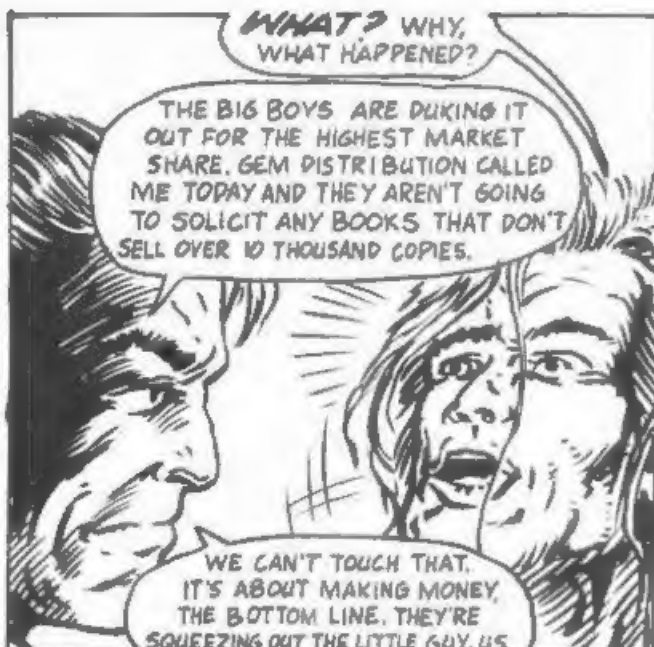


...GOTTA GO DOWN  
TO THE COMIC SHOP AND  
TELL THE GUYS THE  
BAD NEWS.









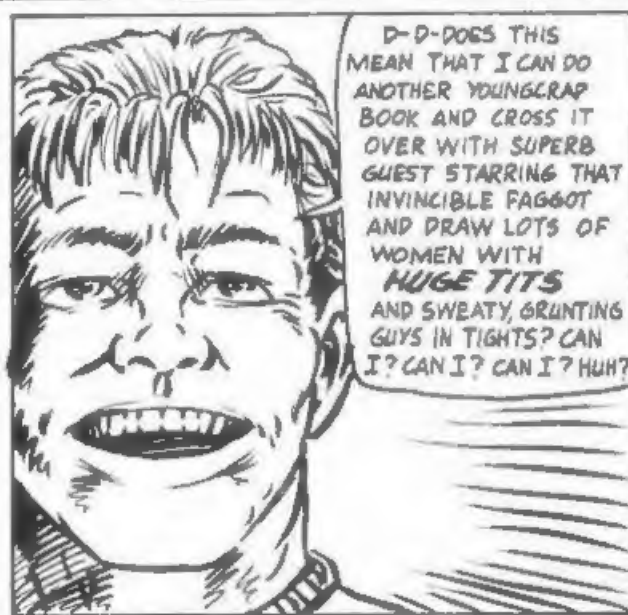
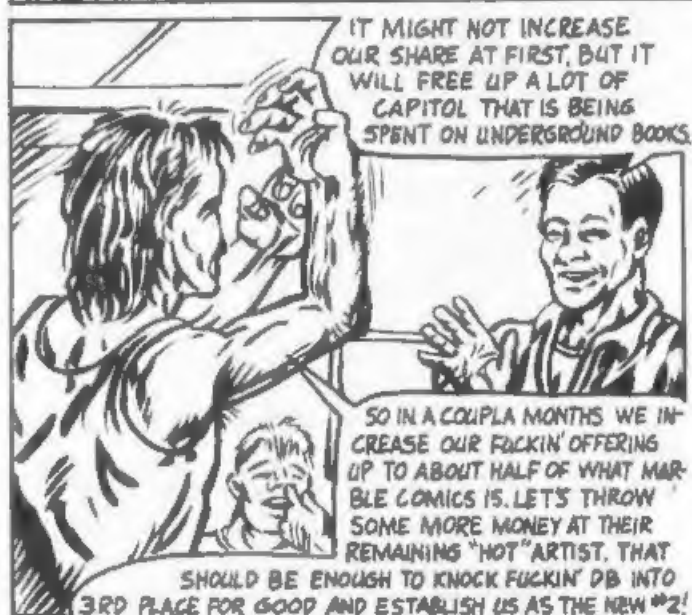




MEANWHILE, SOMEWHERE IN  
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

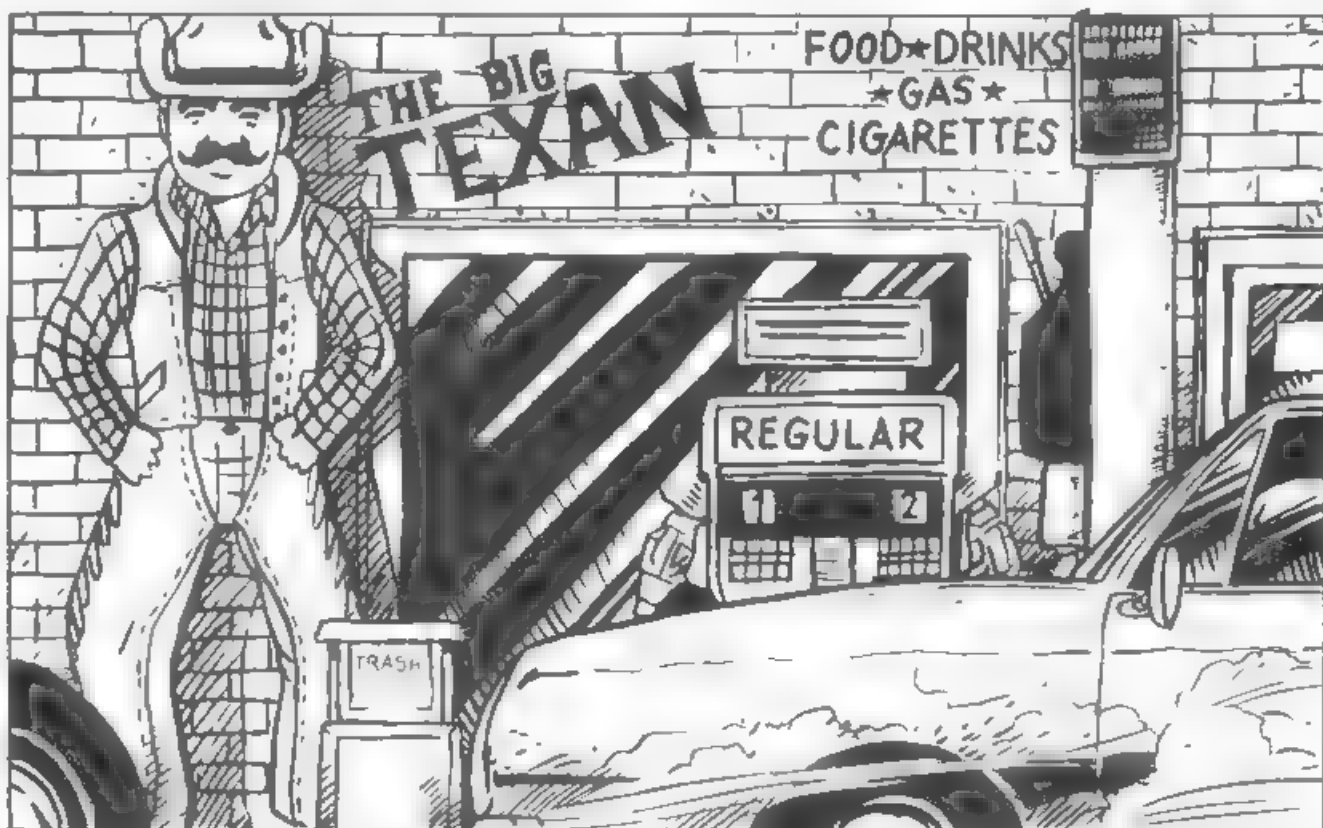














MY FANS LOVE ME HECK. I REMEMBER ONE TIME THEY TRAPPED ME IN A BATHROOM STALL AT THE SAN DIEGO CON ONE EVEN ASKED ME IF HE COULD SLIP AN ISSUE UNDER THE DOOR FOR ME TO SIGN NOW *THAT'S* A FAN.







PLEASE, DON'T  
SHOOT I'LL GIVE  
YOU ANYTHING  
YOUR OWN MINI-  
SERIES **NO**, YOUR  
OWN SUPER TEAM...

HOW  
ABOUT HER.

YOU WANT HER,  
SHE'S **YOURS**, JUST  
DON'T SHOOT ME.

ROBBIE  
**NO!**

**BLAM!**

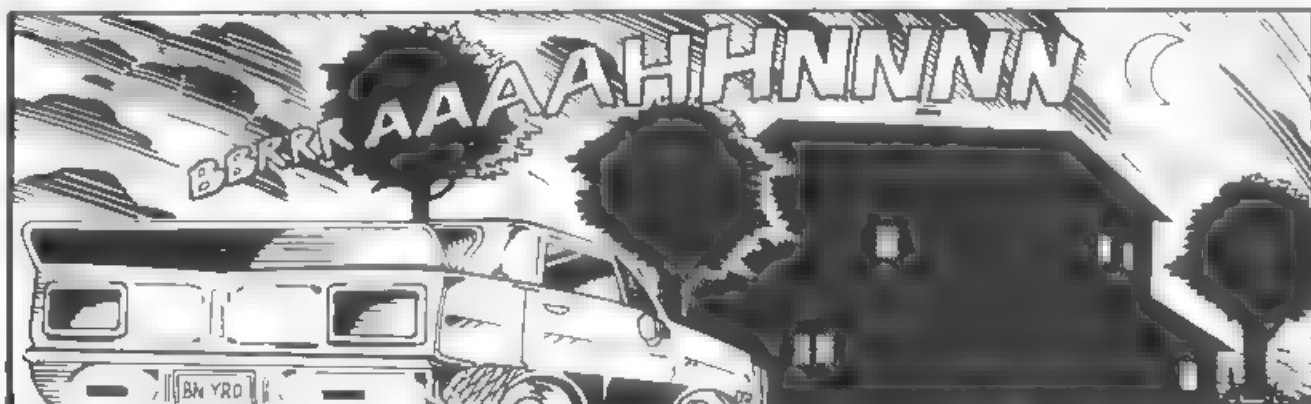
















IF YOU GOT TWENTY  
BUCKS FOR EACH SIGNATURE  
MAKE IT OUT TO "PUSNY  
FUCKHEAD" RIGHT?



WILL THIS  
DO,  
ASSHOLE?

GET THE FUCK  
AWAY FROM ME  
YOU CRAZY  
COCKSUCKER!



TOOD, SUCH FILTHY LANGUAGE  
FROM ONE WHO DRAWS BOOKS  
FOR CHILDREN. WHAT WOULD THEIR  
PARENTS SAY IF THEY HEARD YOU  
TALK THAT WAY?

FUCK THE PARENTS YOU'RE  
NOT A MUGGER. YOU'RE A  
REJECTED, PATHETIC  
LOSER OF A FAN.

NOT  
QUITE.



WHAT THEN? SOME  
WASHOUT INDEPENDENT  
PUBLISHER A FUCKING  
LOSER THAT COULDN'T  
PLAY HARDBALL WITH THE  
BIG BOYS.

...CROWDED  
ME OUT

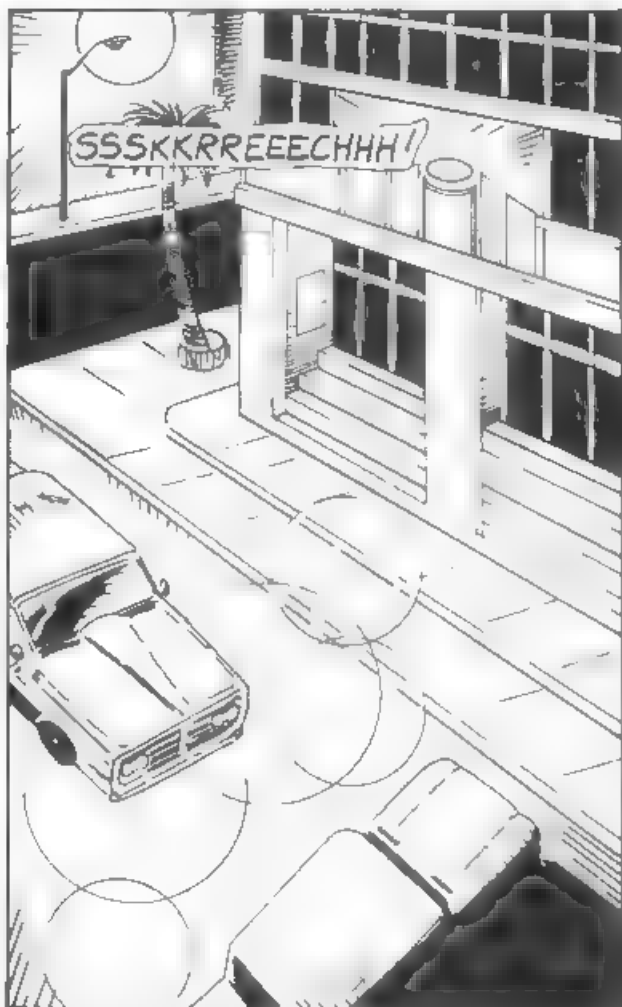
YEAH, I'M  
FUCKIN' CRYIN'  
FOR YA PAL.  
LAWS OF SUP-  
PLY AND DE-  
MAND, NO DE-  
MAND FOR  
YOU

THAT'S NOT  
HOW IT IS! THAT'S  
NOT HOW IT IS!









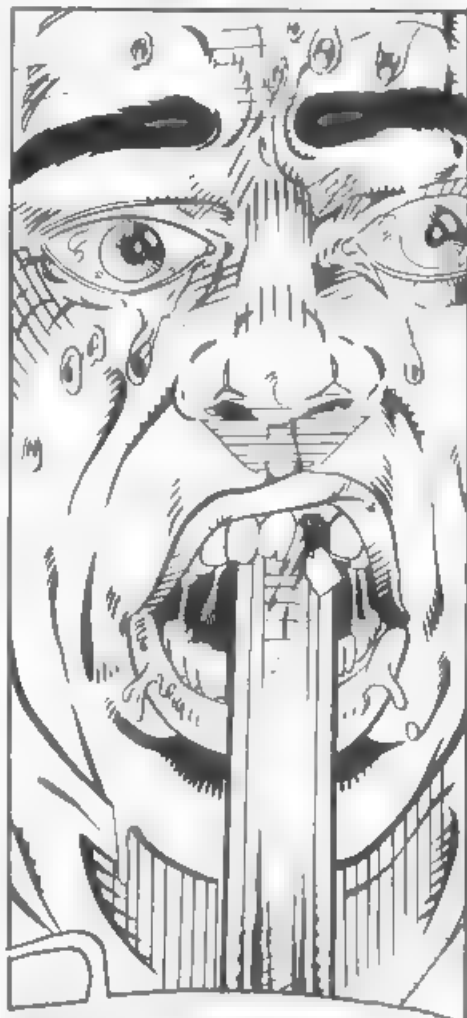
THE INDIES WOULDN'T JUST  
GIVE UP THEIR SLICE OF THE  
PIE. UNLESS, UNLESS NO  
ONE COULD SOLICIT  
THEIR BOOKS  
ANYMORE



ISN'T THAT GREAT?  
YOU BUMP EVERYONE  
ASIDE AND STEAL THEIR  
MARKET SHARE?



WE CAN ORDER  
CHINESE AND DISCUSS  
THIS... ULP.



YOU LEFT THE VIGILANTE BOOK TO  
MAKE MORE MONEY ON THE MUTANT  
SHIT YOU SHAFTED MARBLE TO START A  
NEW COMPANY WITH MALIBUM. YOU TAKE  
600\$ OF MALIBUM'S MONEY TO START  
OUT AND THEN SHAFT THEM. FOR MORE  
MONEY HOW MUCH IS ENOUGH? DOES  
EVERYONE HAVE TO READ YOUR BOOK?  
ARE YOU THAT FUCKING GREEDY?

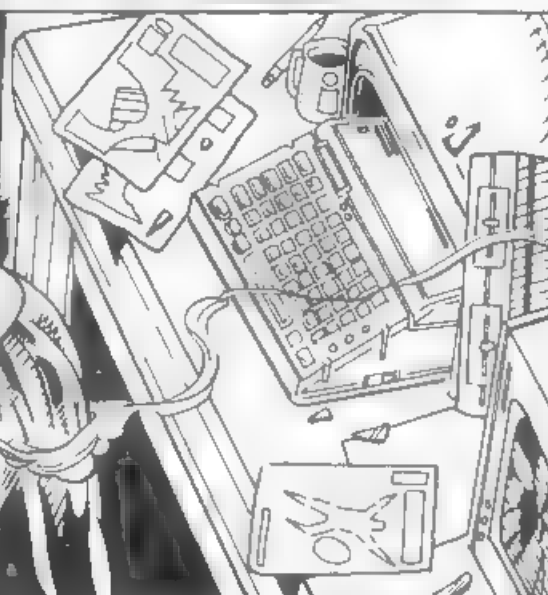
IF YOUR BOTTOM LINE IS  
MONEY THEN JUST ADMIT IT,  
DON'T CLOAK IT BEHIND  
CREATOR'S RIGHTS. YOU WANNA  
BE MARBLE, AND YOU WANT  
EVERYONE TO PLAY WITH  
YOUR TOYS, RIGHT?



UNNNH..  
NO, NO..

WHAT ABOUT THOSE  
WHORES GAIMENN, MORE  
AND MILLES? HOW MUCH  
DID IT TAKE TO MAKE  
THEM BEND OVER FOR  
A BOOK LIKE SPITT?  
\$50,000? \$100,000?







# A RALLYING CRY TO THE FAITHFUL -3

It's close to 2 am. I sit in the depths of the boneyard listening to David Barwald's *Triage* album...and I smile to myself. It's all starting to pay, the sweat, anxiety, and ritual killings. Every month we bite off a bigger chunk of the market share. We drag another innocent into our world. The quality of our books grows in leaps and bounds, each book better than the last, literally.

On July 16th, 1993, we start principal photography on Boneyard Press's first film. It's called *The Garbage Man*. It's the first film about a black serial killer. It's written and directed by myself, cinematography by Rob Gibson, and will be edited by Bill Yukich. We will take no prisoners.

Teams are for playing games, Boneyard Press functions as a work crew. We're a gritty bunch made up of bouncers at seedy rock clubs, ex-professional wrestlers, skip tracers, tattoo artists, martial arts instructors and leg breakers. We've got a very personal and private motto at Boneyard Press- **Walk it like you talk it.** We don't fuck around. We pick our targets take them down. The shadows are our home, we own them. Period. If you're looking for unflinching, no punches pulled story telling, then this is the place.

In the past two Rallying Cries I've talked about the big guys and their mutant status quo, about gimmicks and true value for your buck. I asked you to flex your economic muscle and close ranks. I asked you to spread the fear, because word of mouth is our best asset. Well you've flexed and shown your fangs. Things are getting better slowly. It's not over. This is a constant, day to day, struggle for our survival. This is my life. I don't do anything else but this, I quit my side jobs. We need you to keep on pounding the beat, wear our competition down. You've got to keep pounding on your retailer's door to carry more of our work. This isn't an in-out military procedure. This is guerilla warfare baby, and it's never over. On October 4th, we go back to court in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to fight the ban on the **Jeffrey Dahmer: an unauthorized biography of a serial killer** comic. If you truly want your freedom you have to fight for it tooth and nail.

Your store owners order their books two months in advance. Reserve your copies now **NOW**, or they won't be there next to whatever hologram, gold plated turd of the month, your supposed to buy. You have to raise your voice and make your demands heard. If the retailer doesn't smell any money he won't climb into bed. They aren't known for daring and courage in the face of new marketing strategies.

Here is a schedule of upcoming books. Hunt them down.

**June**-Kill Image (Fisher & Duncan), Outlaw Nation **July**-Kill Marvel (Fisher & Duncan), Flowers on the Razor Wire, Fetish (Long & Onli) **August**-Bill the Bull: Burnt Cain (graphic novel by Fisher & Rouleau), Dead Man Walking ( graphic novel by Yukich, Burwell & Bradstreet) Brandon Lee: Taken Too Soon ( Sallee), Baphory: Countess of Blood ( Brian Moore jumps ship.)



JEFFREY DAHMER  
IS OUT OF PRISON  
WITH A FEW DAYS  
TO KILL... AND A  
LOT OF PEOPLE-

THEN HE MET  
JESUS CHRIST,  
AND BOY WAS  
CHRIST PISSED.

DAHMER'S ZOMBIE  
SQUAD  
AND  
JEFFREY DAHMER VS.  
JESUS CHRIST



AVAILABLE RIGHT FUCKING NOW



# Bill the Bull: Burnt Cain

Bill Parchem is 300 lbs of horned fury, a halfman/half bull freak with a taste for the rough stuff. He and his partner, Nicholas Stone, are thugs for hire in Chicago's criminal underground. What starts out as a simple missing person's search turns into a nasty bloodbath that takes you from Chicago's gold coast to it's darkest ghetto nightmares.

By Hart D. Fisher and  
Duncan Rouleau.

#1-3, \$2.50 each.

"One of the best books  
I've read in years."

-Larry Stanley  
*Pacific comics update*





# Dark Angel: Death Dreams

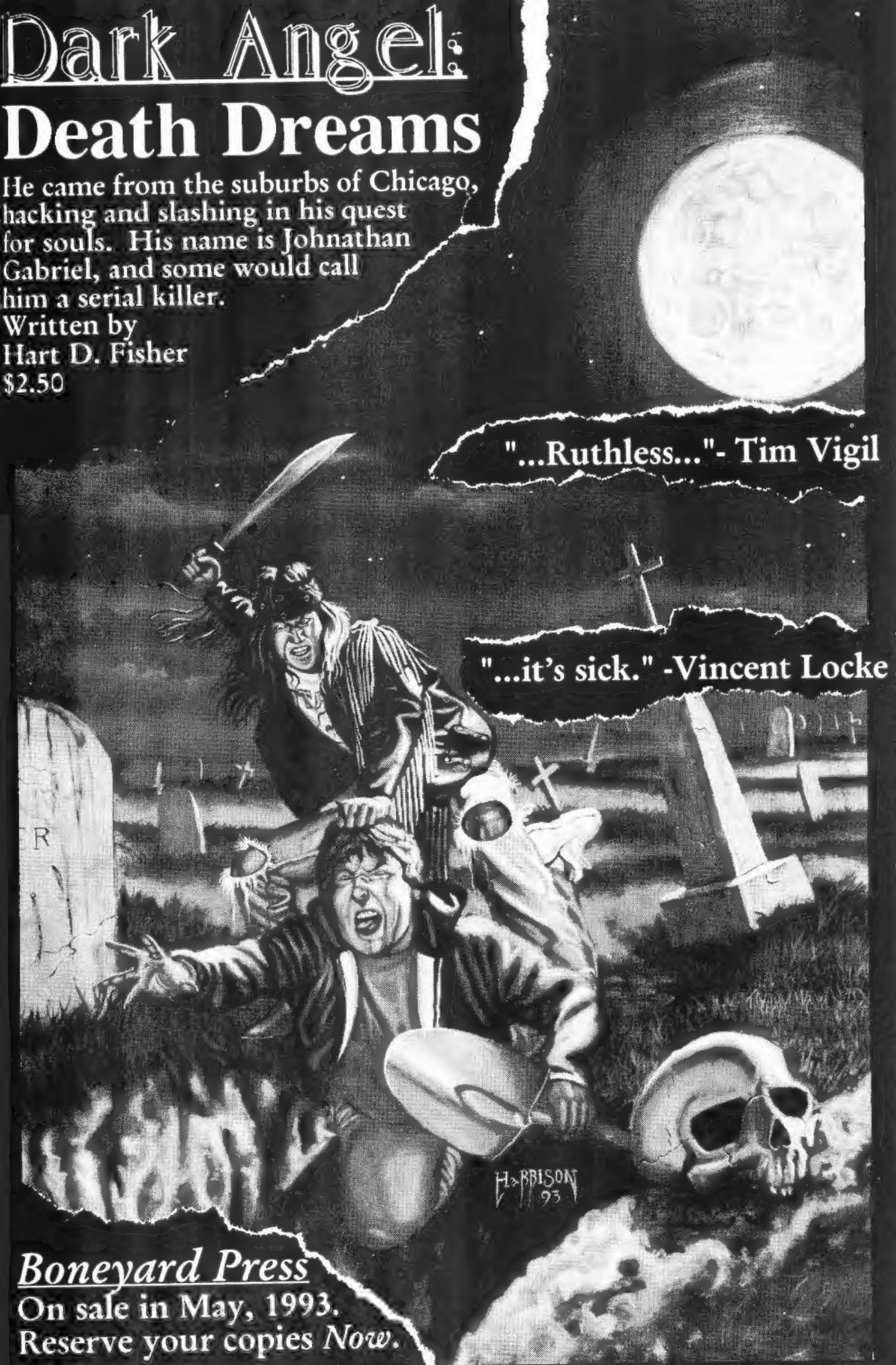
He came from the suburbs of Chicago, hacking and slashing in his quest for souls. His name is Johnathan Gabriel, and some would call him a serial killer.

Written by  
Hart D. Fisher  
\$2.50

"...Ruthless..." - Tim Vigil

"...it's sick." - Vincent Locke

***Boneyard Press***  
On sale in May, 1993.  
Reserve your copies *Now*.





# WINEYARD PRESS



*Listen to  
us scream...*

\$3.95 U.S.A.  
\$4.95 CAN

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